

## Fairport Convention "Polly On The Shore"

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Come all you wild young men and a warning take by  
me  
Never lead your single life astray or into bad company  
As I myself have done, being all in the month of May  
When I, as pressed by a sea captain, a privateer to  
trade  
To the East Indies we were bound to plunder the raging  
main  
And it's many the brave and a galliant ship we sent to a  
watery grave  
Ah, for Freeport we did steer, our provisions to renew  
When we did spy a bold man-of-war sailing three feet  
to our two  
Oh, she fired across our bows, "Heave to and don't  
refuse  
Surrender now unto my command or else your lives  
you'll lose"

And our decks they were sputtered with blood and the  
cannons did loudly roar  
And broadside and broadside a long time we lay till we  
could fight no more  
And a thousand times I wished myself alone, all alone  
with my Polly on the shore  
She's a tall and a slender girl with a dark and a-rolling  
eye  
And here am I, a-bleeding on the deck and for a sweet  
saint must lie  
Farewell, my family and my friends, likewise my barley  
too  
I'd never have crossed the salt sea wide if I'd have  
been ruled by you  
And a thousand times I saw myself again, all alone with  
my Polly on the shore

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